



FEATURE

FUNNIES

MAY

BUT, MY MOTHER
SAYS THAT A CHILD
LIKE ME DOESN'T
NEED A TICKET!



JOE
PALOOKA



MICKEY
FINN



THE
CLOCK



ESPIONAGE

NO. 20 10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Thank You Very Much

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We are grateful to all you boys and girls for your fine letters telling us how much you like our new front cover design.

Everybody says it's more distinctive and easier to spot on the newsstands.

However, we are going to make the name of our magazine even more attractive. So, beginning with the June issue on sale April 28th, your favorite comic magazine will be known thereafter as:

FEATURE

COMICS

HERE IS SOME OTHER GOOD NEWS!

FEATURE COMICS will present FOUR new headliners during the next few months, headed by CHARLIE CHAN, that world famous character whom you have been seeing in your regular moving picture theatre. Other star attractions scheduled include Rube Goldberg's SIDE SHOW, a riot of fun; CAPTAIN FORTUNE, a thrilling sea adventure staged in the waters of the West Indies and RANCE KEANE, an exciting picture story of Western Adventure.

EVERY COMIC IN FEATURE COMICS IS A HEADLINER—THE BEST ALWAYS IN HUMOR, ADVENTURE AND THRILLS. BUY THE JUNE ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS—ON SALE APRIL 28th.

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

WE
DROPPED
INTO
STILLMAN'S
GYM AND
MET BOB
PASTOR,
WHO IS A
HEAVY-
WEIGHT
TITLE
CONTENDER

BOB, I'LL BE IN FAVOR OF BODY PUNCHING--

KEEP
GOING
EM IN
THIS
AREA AND
YOU
WEAR
A MAN
DOWN
FAST,
SAID
BOB.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

BRADDOCK'S LOOPING RIGHT WAS A GOOD BLOW—BUT ITS TIMING MUST BE PERFECT. HERE JOE STARTS THE RIGHT TO THE HEAD, BUT HE LOOKS IT DOWN TO THE JAW—



THIS PUNCH IS A FOOLER AND IS HARD TO MASTER. YOUR MAN WILL FIRST BLOCK HIGH, BUT THE BLOW CHOPS DOWNWARD, LIKE A CURVE BALL PITCH IN BASE-BALL.

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



YA AIN'T DONE NO TRAININ' THIS WEEK, JOE & RIGHT—
—YA BETTER JOE BUT I WAS A COUPLA MILES COMFORTABLE ON TH ROAD—
I GUESS YOUSE ARE HERE!



WHAT A KID! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR LIFE—
NEVER SAYS NO—
NEVER GETS SORE! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR LIFE—
WHAT A SWEETHEART!



TOH-TOH-THAT STONE I STEPPED ON CERTAINLY HURT MY FOOT—I BETTER GET A LIFT!



GEE, IT'S CERTAINLY NICE OF YOUSE TO GIVE ME A LIFT!



I BELIEVE I CAN BASE MY SUCCESS ON PRINCIPLES LIKE "MAKE UP YOUR MIND—DO UNTO OTHERS"—AND ETC.—REMEMBER THOSE SAYINGS!



AN' YOUSE NOBUDDY HELPED YOUSE?



YOUSE & MR. KNOWLES, MY CERTAIN EMPLOYER, TAKES ARE MANY OF MY IMPORTANT MOTTOES FOR THE UPRIGHT STORE—GIVE A MAN CREDIT IS MY LATEST-ONE, EN?



GOLLY, I ADMIRE YOUR APPRECIATION, SON—AND SOME DAY, BY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO DETAILS AND REAL INDUSTRY YOU TOO MAY BE SUCCESSFUL!



WAX ONLY YESTERDAY MR. KNOWLES SAID TO ME, "PHILIP MY MAN"—NOTICE MR. KNOWLES CALLS ME BY MY FIRST NAME—HE SAID, PHILIP, I WISH THERE WERE MORE LIKE YOU!



YES, I'VE GOT A SIX ROOM HOUSE, GARAGE, GARDEN, AND DON'T OWE A CENT! NEXT I BUY AN ELECTRIC IRON!



I'LL CERTAINLY REMEMBER ALL YOUSE TOLD ME—
G'BYE!



DOES IT HURT MUCH? NO—I GOT A RIDE HOME—GOLLY, WHAT A INSPIRATION! I WISH I COULD HAVE GOOD LIKE THE MAN'S WHICH GIVE ME TH' RIDE!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT A LEFT JAB IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PUNCH. YOU NATURALLY BLOCK A LEFT WITH YOUR RIGHT



NOW, AS YOU BLOCK WITH YOUR RIGHT, TRY TO FOLLOW THROUGH WITH IT TO YOUR MAIN JAW. THIS TAKES PRACTICE



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



SHE SURE IS A HONEY! I GOT 'ER GOIN' NINETY NOW!

SHO'S!



I TOOK THAT CORNER WITHOUT SLOWIN' DOWN! BOY, KIN SHE HOLD TH' ROAD!

Y-Y-YASSUH!



MAH GOODNESS!!! I'M ALMOST HITIN' A HUND-ERD!!



D-DEY'S A COP COMIN' LICKETY SPLIT!!

HA-HA!!



LISSEN-LAY BACK AN' PLAY SICK-I GOTTA PULL A FAST ONE! DON'T SAY A WORD!

Y-YASSUH!



PULL OVER!

ALL RIGHT, OFFICER!



RECKLESS DRIVING! HI--A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, I GOT A LICENSE, OFFICER--LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!!



I DON'T DRIVE Y-SEE MY CHAUFFEUR WAS DRIVIN' AN' HE GOT A BAD RAIN--I THINK IT'S APPEND-ECETUS AN'

I'M RUSHIN' IM TO A HOSPITAL-I WOULDN'T EVEN BE DRIVIN' OTHER WISE--

I GO ON THEN!



THANKS OFFICER!

WHEW! YOU'RE MAHV'LESS!

HEH-HEH!



HE'S OUTA SIGHT-TAKE TH' WHEEL--I'M WORE OUT FROM THAT SALES TALK!



WHICH ROAD DOES AH TAKE, AH WONDER I'D SAY ONE TO TH' RIGHT!



THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR--

S-SO DOES SOMETHIN' ELSE! DOES YO' SEE WHAT'S COMIN'??



IS YO' GOT ANY GOOD IDEAS ON HOW WE'S GOING GIT OUT?

AW DRY UP! I WONDER WHY JOE DON'T BRING TH' BALL!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

WE TALKED TO HENRY ARMSTRONG AFTER HE WON THE FEATHER-WEIGHT TITLE WITH A LONG RIGHT TO THE CHIN

WAS THAT YOUR FAVORITE BLOW, HENRY?
NO—IT REALLY ISN'T.

TELL THE BOYS TO PERFECT A SHORT LEFT HOOK—NOT TO TRAVEL OVER EIGHT INCHES!
THANK YOU, HENRY!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

D'YOUSE KNOW I AM AFTER WHO MANAGES THE NOO-TU FELL A THAT A YORK WAS JUST KNOCKED OUT MISTER WEDERBOTTOM'S BARRED IN!

GRRRRSK!—HE'S COMING TO—WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM HIS HALF OF THE MONEY!

WHERE AM I, BRODSKY? DO I? WE BETTER YOU MEAN HURRY IF I'M TO SAY YOU GONNA FIGHT! DON'T I MUST HAVE BEEN BEING SLEEPIN'—KNOCKED OUT?

GEE, I DON'T REMEMBER NOTHIN'—I THOUGHT I—
OF COURSE YOU REMEMBER ME FRYING YOU BEFORE YOU WENT INTO THE RING!

BUT, BRODSKY— I GAVE YOU YOUR \$200—KID— YOU PUT IT IN YOUR PANTS!
GEE, WHIZ— I MUST HAVE FORGOT!

M—MR WEDE— ONT WHAT BOTTOM? ITS A PITY— SOME! SOMEBODY OUT— HOW MUSTA STOLE— COULD ANY ONE BE SO LOW! BRODSKY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? EVERYBODDY LOSES SOME TIME—
BUT, IT WAS MY STOLEN MONEY THAT I NEED BAD!

I SEE, MR WEDE— BOTTOM SAYS IT WAS TAKEN WHILE WE WERE IN THE RING!
SMELLS FISHY— WHERE'S HE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW, I Lissen— WHERE MR WEDE— WHERE IS BOTTOM IS— GEE, I SEE YA LATER! HOW I NEEDED THAT MONEY!

WEIDERBOTTOM LEFT A LITTLE WHILE AGO—I THINK HE WENT TO ENVEYS—
HE WON'T LET ON HE KNOW NOTHIN' JOE!

HE PROBABLY WILL BE SCARY— I SEE YOUSE— AFTER WHAT HE DONE— US!
WE'RE GONNA PRETEND WE'RE ON FRIENDLY TERMS!

HULLO! WEIDERBOTTOM! GUESS I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ME ALL WRONG— MY NAME IS ARNOLD TITCHELL!

Follow Joe Palooka in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.

OFF THE RECORD



GET YOUR FURCOAT AT THE EASTOROT STORE



SAY! STOP READING MY MALE



I'M NOT DUNKING—I'M THROWING THIS FLY A LIFE-PRESERVER!



I'M WAITING FOR THE RED LIGHT TO CHANGE!

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JOE AND MOE ARRANGED TO MEET, ED AND TED ON CLANCY STREET, PHONED THEY'D GET THERE FIRST AND WAIT. (ED'S OLD BIKES WOULD MAKE HIM LATE).

ED (ONE ANNOYANCE!) SKINNED A SCHEME, SAID 'WE'LL RACE! THE LOSING TEAM, BUYS THE MIKEMAKES. RIGHT? LET'S GO! TRY, OH BOY, WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW!'

FAST AS JOE AND MOE COULD HEAD, TO THE MEETING-PLACE THEY SPED, SURE THEY'D GET THERE FIRST TO GREET, ED AND TED AT CLANCY STREET.

"THIS IS SOFT," SAID MOE TO JOE, "TOUGH THAT ER'S OLD BIKES SO SLOW!" (CRAFTY ED "FORGOT" TO SAY, HIS NEW BIKE ARRIVED THAT DAY!)

TED HAD LISTENED TO ED BOAST, NOW HIS BIKE WOULD SPEED AND COAST—THOUGHT THE BRAG MIGHT BE A FRAUD. 'TIL HE SPED THE COASTER-BRAKE.

"NOT DONE! SO YOU GOT A MORROW! WILL WE TALK FROG-GAYS WITH SORROW?"

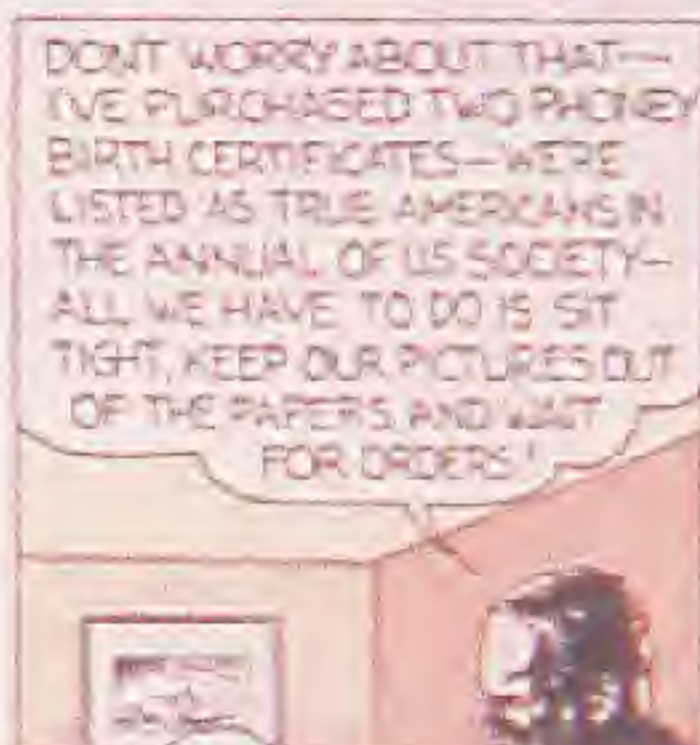
"WE CAN TAKE THE TWISTY HILL—'WITH THAT BRAKE, YOU'LL NEVER SPILL!"

SEE, YOU KNOW WHO WON THE RACE! SEE ER'S HAPPY GRINNING FACE! (VICTORY IS THICK AS SWEET, AFTER YOU HAVE KNOWN DEFEAT!)

MAKE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE!

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MOORE MACHINE DIVISION of General Motors Corporation, Dept. 245, Pontiac, MI 48.



IN A LITTLE COFFEE SHOP 'BLACK X' LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO THE REPORTER'S STRANGE STORY.

YES SIR, IT'S MIGHTY QUEER—KEAN AND STEVENS REFUSE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.



I DUNNO—NONE OF THE OTHER BIG SHOTS SHY AT THE CAMERA—OH WELL, GOTTA BE GON' NOW—THANKS FOR THE LIFT.

YOU'RE WELCOME



THE 'BLACK X' GOES INTO ACTION.

HIS STORY INTERESTS ME—HONEST MEN AIN'T AFRAID OF PUBLICITY—I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK!



THE KLEGFIELD MUNITIONS PLANT—IT IS NOOK AND THE HUSKY MILL WORKERS FILE OUT FOR LUNCH—AT THE GATE, AN IDLER ACCOSTS ONE OF THE MORE TOUGH-LOOKING MEN—HE CALLS TO HIM.

WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T 'PIGIRON' PETE! HOW ARE YOU?

WHO ARE YOUSE?



DON'T YOU REMEMBER, MET WE MET IN HONGKONG, IN 1930—REMEMBER THAT FIGHT IN THE RED EYE SALOON?

NOPE—CAN'T SAY I DO.



A SHORT TIME LATER FINDS THE PUZZLED PETE AND THE AMABLE IDLER IN A CORNER OF A SALOON.

SO YOU SEE, 'PIGIRON', I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON YOU TO SEND YOU TO ALCATRAZ—NOW DO I GET THAT JOB?

UH—OK.



THE IDLER LEAVES PETE, AND HASTENS TO A PHONE BOOTH.

HELLO—WASHINGTON 24X? CHIEF, THIS IS 'BLACK X' TALKING—GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FORMER OWNERS OF KLEGFIELD ARMS—



ASK THEM IF THEY WANT TO BUY BACK THEIR MUNITIONS PLANT—I'VE GOT A HOT LEAD, YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME LATER—



IN THE OFFICES OF THE FOREIGN SPIES, 'PIGIRON' PETE REPORTS.

I TELL YA, IT MUST BE THE 'BLACK X'—NO ONE ELSE WOULD KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT US!

THE 'BLACK X'?



VERY WELL, WE'LL GIVE HIM A JOB AT THE SMELTING FURNACE—YOU'LL PUSH HIM INTO A NAT PETE, IT WILL BE AN ACCIDENT OF COURSE!



NATIVE SMELTING ROOM

THANKS
FOR GETTING
ME THIS JOB.
PETE

OKAY-I'LL
SHOW YA
ROUND THE
PLANT

THAT WHITE
LIQUID IN THERE
IS MOLTEN STEEL



YEAH, AND A MAN
WOULD BURN TO A
CINDER IN THERE—
AND THAT'S WHERE
YOU'YER GOIN'!

2. MICROSLUNG'S A BULKY ATTEMPTING TO SHOVE HIM IN.

BUT THE ALERT AGENT COUNTERS THE ATTACK WITH A HARD BLOW, SENDING PETE REELING.

YER PRETTY QUICK,
"BLACK X"—BUT MY
KNIFE IS QUICKER!

NOW TO ATTEND TO STEVENS
AND KEAN... PETE'S KNIFE
WILL BE USEFUL!

BLACK & SIDESTEP

THE KILLER TOPPLES INTO THE
CALDRON OF SEETHING METAL.

DON'T LOOK SO GLUM, KEAN—PETE WILL TAKE CARE OF "X"—NO ONE WILL FIND HIS REMAINS IN THE STEEL CALDRON!

I DON'T
LIKE
MURDER
IT'S OUT
OF MY
OWN LINE

SUDDENLY A KNIFE FLIES PAST
THEIR HEADS EMBEDDING ITSELF
IN THE WALL. A NOTE IS ATTACHED

PETE'S KNIFE IT CAME FROM THE HALF-OPEN WINDOW.

• WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY!!!

I am with
you all - In
twenty-four hours
the 12 men will
be in your office
The game ball

Black X

BY PLANE THE ABSCONDING IMPOSTERS FLEE TO THE COAST.



THERE THEY QUICKLY BOARD THE AQUADIA, BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL.



WHEW! SAFE AT LAST—CLOSE THE STATEROOM DOOR!

I HOPE THIS SHIP STARTS SOON!



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN—TUT-TUT, MR. STEVENS—DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUN!



"BLACK X" HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

SIMPLE—AFTER PETE TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO MURDER ME, I THREW THAT KNIFE TO SCARE YOU INTO LEAVING. THEN I FOLLOWED YOU BY PLANE!



WE FELL FOR YOUR RUSE LIKE A COUPLE OF FOOLS—YOU HAD NO EVIDENCE AGAINST US—

YOU KNEW

THAT WE WOULD TRY TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!



EXACTLY—NOW, IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO SIGN THIS PAPER, TURNING OVER YOUR MUNITIONS PLANT TO THE GOVERNMENT—



—COME ON!—DON'T HESITATE—REMEMBER THE UNITED STATES DEALS HARSHLY WITH YOUR KIND—



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO US?



NOTHING—I'M GOING TO LET YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY—GOODBYE, AND THANKS FOR SIGNING—



ONCE AGAIN "BLACK X" AND HIS CHIEF MEET IN THEIR FAVORITE WASHINGTON RENDEZVOUS, A WELL-KNOWN RESTAURANT....



GETTING THOSE SPIES TO SIGN OVER THE PLANT TO THE GOVERNMENT WAS SWELL—BUT, WHY DID YOU LET THEM SAIL?

THEY'RE NOT REALLY FREE—THEY WILL BE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—TUVANIA WILL DISOWN THEM FOR HAVING FAILED—NO OTHER COUNTRY WILL ACCEPT THEM—THEIR LIFE WILL BE A LIVING DEATH.



JANE ARDEN

by Helen Barrett and Howard K. Shaw



JANE ARDEN

THE ROGERS JEWELRY CO. PREPARES TO SEND THE \$18,500 BRACELET TO GILTMORE'S HOME--

WE'LL WATCH TO SEE THAT NOTHING IS WRONG!

NOTHING CAN HAPPEN--IT'S GOING TO THE REAL MRS. GILTMORE

THIS MESS-- I ENGER WANTS A RECEIPT MRS. GILTMORE--

OH! IT MUST BE FROM JOHN!

SURELY I'LL SIGN A RECEIPT!!

WELL INSPECTOR, HE DELIVERED IT-- THERE WAS NO STICK-UP-- NOW WHAT?

I DON'T GET IT AT ALL, JANE!!

LOOK INSPECTOR! THERE'S THE MAN WHO POSED AS GILTMORE AT THE JEWELRY STORE--

AH! NOW I'LL GET SOMEWHERE!

I'M MR. DEAN OF THE ROGERS JEWELRY CO.-- HERE IS MY CARD--

--WE SENT A PACKAGE HERE BY MISTAKE-- I'VE COME FOR IT!

I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE--

WE'RE GRET THE MISTAKE, GOOD DAY!

THAT WAS A CINCH! AND THE ONLY CLUE THEY HAVE IS THAT CARD I GOT FROM THE CLERK!!

HOLD ON! HAND OVER THAT BRACE-- LET!!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE-- YOU'RE TALK--

INS TO LEN!

HMM--YOU DIDN'T QUITE MAKE THE GRADE, EH PAL?

WOW! WE GOT A LOT TO MISS ARDEN!

WELL, I GOT A STORY I FE--

LIVE DEAD

HUSH PADDY-- BANSHEES IS SAFE EVEN IN FEUDIN' PARTS! SHONLEE!!

GHOSTS ER NO GHOSTS-- THIS FEUD COUNTRY BE DANGERR!!

SHUT THAR'S TALKIN' GAL PLOWIN' CUTE AINT SHE! LOOKIT THAT LADY DANCE!!

SHUCKS! WHUT DYE SPECT? DYE SPOSE HE SHOULD PLOW AN' HAVE HER JES SETT?

THAR-THET'S MO' LIKE IT-- HE'S HELDIN' TH' POOR MULE ON TH' SLOPE!! GUESS HE AINT BAD!

CIMON, LET'S SIT LONG WITH OUR HAUNTIN'!!

AH! DON'T WANNA BE IN FEUDIN' COUNTRY COME NIGHTFALL!

GREAT ROLE CATS-- WE CAN'T SCARE 'EM TILL SHE SETS OUT SOME NICE FOODMENTS FER US, PADDY!!

AH FEEL KIND TIGHT, LENA-- SO AH'LL UNWITCH AN' YO KIN DO TH' CHORES!!

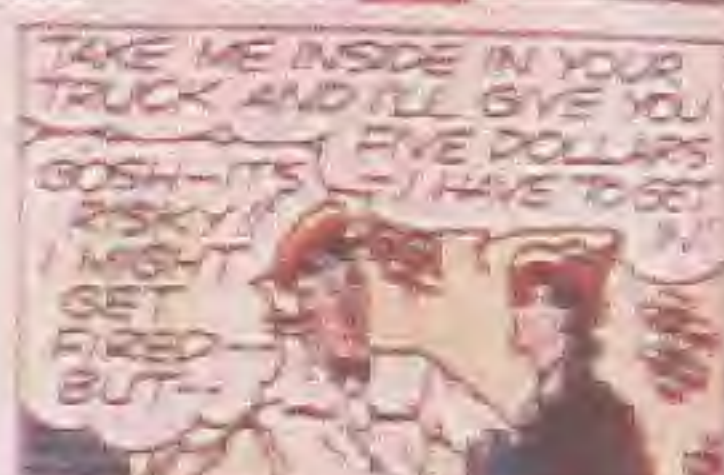
I'M TOO TIRED TO DOK ANY THINGS SO--

OH! HEY HEARD ME!

I'LL FIX 'EM A PIE!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN



JANE ARDEN

By Walter Reuther and Robert C. Brown

NOW, IF I CAN
SPEAK TO A
SERVANT WHO
KNOWS SOME-
THING ABOUT
THE LOVAT, I
WILL SET
MY STORY—

THAT IS
IF I'M NOT
CAUGHT
AND
THROWN
OUT!

HMM—
WONDER
WHO
THEY
ARE?
FUNNY YOU
DIDN'T SEE
JUDGE STEPH-
ENS—

IF THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE
TO BETTER
HIDE IN
THIS
TOOL
HOUSE
UNTIL—

OH!

WHAT'S SOUNDED
THAT? LIKE A
HORN—

IT'S—IT'S
JUDGE
STEPHENS!!
HE'S—HE'S—

DEAD! RUN
FOR HELP—
I'LL WAIT
HERE!!

THIS
IS SOME
BIG
STORY!
BUT,
WHAT IF
THEY FIND
ME AND
SUSPECT ME?

I'LL GET
OUT OF
HERE
AND
PHONE
HOME

WHAT'RE
YOU
DOING,
KAREN?
WHY, I
NEVER
THOUGHT
I'D FIND
YOU!!

OH—I'M VERY
SORRY—I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
MY COUSIN
WHAT ARE
YOU—A
WOOD
NIMPH?

YEP—THEM
FITTERS UP
IN THE TREE
IS BOUND T'BRING
'EM, LEVIA!!
LENA AND
DAVE TRY
TO TRAP
THE GHOST
USING FOOD
AS BAIT—
SHUCKS,
THEY
AINT
GOIN'
WITH
US
GHOSTS
BARRY!
HAVE
DAVE SON
—HE'S BE
FEUDIN'
COUNTRY
WE'RE IN!

OH, I THINK
THIS
IS SO
SILLY
DAVE!
IT'S
THEM!!

GREAT
DAY!!
G-SOM-
MEBBE
T-LET'S
A REAL
BANSHEE
NOW!!

HALLO! OH, I
KNOW THIS WERE
RISKY BIZNESS!

HALLO! OH, I
KNOW THIS WERE
RISKY BIZNESS!



Jane Arden is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 25th.





THE NEXT MORNING, ARCHIE HAS GOOD NEWS FOR MAX, HIS CARETAKER.



YOU ARE THE BRAVEST AND NOBLEST KING WE EVER HAD!—NOW THAT THE EAST WING IS CLEAR OF GHOSTS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO USE IT FOR?



I'LL HAVE IT RENOVATED, AND MADE INTO A HOME FOR POOR LITTLE ORPHANS OF PYROMANIA!





THE BUNGLE FAMILY A HELPING HAND BY H. E. TOTHILL





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

NO END

By H. J. TUTTILL



Follow The Bungles in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale April 23th.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



ART
DRAJAN

AT LAST—THERE'S
THE CABIN—
JUST AS THAT
TRAPPER
TOLD ME!



SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS ON THE TRAIL
OF HARRY WELLS AN EX-MOUNTIE WHO
HAS DESERTED THE FORCE AND IS NOW
A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

AND THERE'S WELLS HIMSELF—
HE—SAY!! WHAT'S THAT
COMING OUT OF THE
WOODS BEHIND HIM?
GREAT SCOTT—
IT'S A GIANT
GRIZZLY!



LOOK OUT, WELLS—
IN BACK OF YOU!



THAT WAS A CLOSE
CALL SERGEANT—
YOU CAME JUST
IN TIME—
THANKS!

FORGET IT WELLS—
AND YOU CAN PACK
UP YOUR THINGS—
YOU'RE WANTED AT HEAD-
QUARTERS
FOR DESERTING!



THERE'S NO NEED FOR THE
GUN—I'LL COME PEACEFULLY—
LET'S HAVE SOMETHING
TO EAT BEFORE
WE GO!

I
TRUST
YOU
WELLS!









Another episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the June issue—on sale April 23rd.

AFTER RECEIVING HIS ADVANCE
MAN'S WIFE, JEFF SENDS FOR
HIS PRESS AGENT—

COME IN, DON—
ST. DOWN, WE'VE
GOT A BATTLE
ON OUR HANDS

THAT
SO?

STINGER BROS. HAVE
MOVED INTO OUR ROUTE,
AND OUR DATES! THEY
ARE ALSO PLAYING AT
PITT FALLS TOMORROW—
AND THEY'VE COVERED
OUR POSTERS!

WHAT? THOSE
CROOKS! HOW
ARE YOU
PLANNING TO
FIGHT
THEM,
CHIEF?

YOU'RE TAKING
THE NEXT TRAIN
FOR PITT FALLS
—AND YOU'LL
PLACE THIS
"AD" IN THE
NEWSPAPERS
THERE

I HEAR THE
BOSS IS MAJOR
IT NOT FOR
STINGER BROS.
SILK—

IT SERVES
YOU
RIGHT,
DAD!

STINGER BROS., RED, IS
THE KIND OF CROOKED
SHOW THAT USES CHEAP
SAMPLING GAMES TO
GET MONEY, RATHER
THAN GIVING GOOD CLEAN
ENTERTAINMENT

AND THAT'S WHY
MISTER BANGS
IS GOING TO GET
AFTER EM?
BECAUSE THEY
AINT ON THE
LEVEL,
HUH?

SAY, FUD—
WASNT
SILK FOWLER
WITH STINGER
BROS. YEARS
AGO?

YEAH—
BUT
SILK
DENIES
IT—

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE
PEOPLE OF PITT FALLS SEE
THE STARTLING "AD"

LAND SAKES,
HURR—THAT'S
SURE SOME
WARNING!

AY—THINK WE
WAS GOING TO
THAT STINGER
GUESS
TOO!

YES! LISTEN THIS, ELMER—
"WARNING—BEWARE OF SHORT-
CHANGE MEN, CROOKED
GAMES OF CHANCE WHICH
SO-CALLED EXCUSES
OPERATE! BANGS BROS. DO
NOT DO THIS—AND ARE
THE ONLY SHOWS IN
THIS A PARADE
TODAY!"

OKAY, BANGS—BUT
WHEN I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU YOU'LL BE
A VERY SAD
FOOL!

AS THE PARADE IS ABOUT TO TAKE THE STREET AT
PITT FALLS—



SUIT YOURSELF—
BUT IF YOU SEE
HIM TELL HIM IF
HE DOESNT STAY
OUT OF OUR
TERRITORY I'LL
REALLY MAKE IT
HOT FOR HIM!

A HALF HOUR LATER
WILL YOU LOOK UP
SAM STINGER AND
TELL HIM MR.
FOWLER WANTS
TO SEE HIM?



SAM STINGER SOON APPEARS—

WELL, SILK—SAY,
YOU'RE TAKING AN
AWFUL CHANCE
COMING HERE, AINT
CHIEF?

DON'T WORRY,
SAM—IT'S
ALL OKAY!

HA-HA! THE OLD MAN
THINKS I'M OVER HERE
TO BAIL YOU OUT! HE
EVER KNEW HE WAS
WORKING TOGETHER
WITH ME!

NOW, SAM—I'LL
THINK YOU'D DO A
LOT OF HARM
US MORE HARM
BY STAYING A DAY
OR TWO AHEAD OF
US—AND YOU'D DO A
BETTER
BUSINESS!



BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN



CONTINUED

TODDY



MORTIMER MOM



More of Toddy and Mortimer Mom in the June issue—on sale April 28th

STRANGE AS IT SEEM

By JOHN
AND



YÜ THE GREAT-

Emperor of China.
RULED UNTIL HIS DEATH
AT THE AGE OF 100 --
YET WAS IN OFFICE
ONLY 7 YEARS!

HE REIGNED 10 YEARS
AFTER HIS APPOINTMENT
UNTIL THE DEATH OF HIS
PROTECTOR, SHU, WHO
LIVED TO BE 110!



THE LEAF-
GOSSHOOPER
IMPRINTS DRY LEAVES WHEN AT REST.
(EVEN TO CRACKS AND DISCOLORATIONS
IN ITS WINGS)



RAGS AND RICHES!
PEASANT COSTUMES WERE
THE OFFICIAL COURT DRESS
DURING THE REIGN OF
LOUIS IX OF FRANCE!



HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

SOME SAY EVE 8 AND ADAM 2 (10) --
OTHERS CLAIM EVE 8 AND ADAM 8 (16) --
BUT EVE 81 AND ADAM 812 (893) --
EVE PROBABLY 814 ADAM AND ADAM
8122 (10936) --
ALTHOUGH EVE 814 ADAM, ADAM WHEN
HE 8128122, WERE EVE 812 (8128122) --
HOWEVER, EVE, WHEN SHE 81812 MANY
AND ADAM 8124 SIMPLY 50 ADAM,
IF HE 812812242-TH EYES STRIKE!
(812902178) --

TOTAL

OF 821,040,969
APPLES!



HANS
WAGNER
IS THE ONLY
MAN WHO EVER
STOLE 3 BASES IN
ONE WORLD SERIES
GAME
Pittsburgh Pirates







AND
SUDDENLY
THE
CLOCK
STOPS—

WHAT'S
THAT?—

VOICES—
WHOEVER IT
IS, THEY'RE
NOT FAR
AHEAD—

CAUTIOUSLY
HE
ROUNDS
A
CORNER
AND
HE
SEES
THE
CLOCK
A
WORK—

OKAY, BOYS WE'VE
BEEN HERE LONG
ENOUGH—LET'S GO,
THAT EXPLOSION
MAY HAVE BEEN
HEARD—

IT WAS MY FRIEND!!—AND
THE FIRST ONE THAT MOVES WILL
HEAR ANOTHER EXPLOSION—AND
IT WILL BE HIS LAST!

ALL OF YOU—LINE UP
AGAINST THAT
WALL—

UNKNOWN
TO
THE
CLOCK,
THE
FOURTH
CROOK
QUIETLY
SNEAKS
UP
BEHIND
HIM—

YOU—GET A ROPE AND
TIE UP YOUR TWO PALS—
BEFORE I—

BEFORE YOU
DO WHAT,
WISE GUY—





THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
The Olympic
Marathon
of 1908
in London

It's the finish of the hardest race in sports—the Olympic Marathon! See Don-
ando of Italy. With only a few feet of
the grueling race to run, he enters the
stadium, staggering with exhaustion along
the ash track.



Gamely Donato fights off wear-
iness. He's blind with fatigue.
He stumbles, staggers, falls. A pitiful
sight.



But Donato's tragedy is com-
plete when he was later disqualified
for the assistance the sympathetic
officials gave him. Johnny Hayes,
an American, was declared the win-
ner. Hayes, who had trained for the
event on the roof of a New York de-
partment store, finished less than a
minute behind Donato.



A gasp goes up when the stand-
ards are better, silent. Sympathy for
the fallen Italian pervades the air.
Race officials lift him to his feet
and tenderly help him across the finish line.

Lulu Plinko

VINCENT'S DEVICE FOR KEEPING HIS CLEAN—WHEN SUET DROPS OILY STUB, LOST LOWERS BONE—POOCH HISS HIS TAIL AND OILY IS DUSTED UP IN DUSTPAN



AUNT LULU—SUD AND STUART AND TWO OF MY SCOR-DRITY SISTERS ARE COMING FOR THE WEEK END

THE GIRLS CAN HAVE MY ROOM—



HAND THE BOYS CAN HAVE VINCENT'S ROOM—HE CAN SLEEP OVER THE GARAGE!

YOU'RE A DARLING TO MAKE EVERYBODY SO COMFORTABLE



HEAVENS! VINCENT'S ROOM IS A MESS—WE MUST CLEAN IT UP

I'LL HELP AUNTE!



UNCLE VINCENT ISN'T VERY NEAT, IS HE?

NO—ED BE RIGHT AT HOME IN AN ASH CAN!



IT WAS A LOT OF WORK BUT THE ROOM LOOKS PERFECT!

THE BOYS OUGHT TO FIND IT NICE AND COMFY—



I KNOW IT'S IN THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE—AN SOTTA FIND IT!

I'LL GO GETTIN'



VINCE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT HORSE WE'RE BETTIN' ON TODAY?

GEE, I WROTE IT ON A SLIP OF PAPER AND LEFT IT HOME



DID I LEAVE IT IN MY OVER SUIT, OR PUT IT IN A BOOK, OR HIDE IT IN THE DRESSER?

I'LL GO GETTIN'



I KNOW IT'S IN THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE—AN SOTTA FIND IT!

I'LL GO GETTIN'



AH—HERE IT IS—LITTLE DUSTY IN THE FOURTH RACE!



HELLO GANG! GIVE ME A HAND!



COME BOYS—I'LL SHOW YOU RIGHT TO YOUR ROOM!

EARTHQUAKE OR CYCLONE?

LALA PALOOZA

by Russ Goldmark

FOLKS HERE'S MY SPECIAL UMBRELLA FOR APRIL SHOWERS!



EXTRA HANDLE TO BE USED WHEN UMBRELLA BLOWS INSIDE OUT. HANG ON WINDOW TO SEE WHEN IT STOPS RAINING. LOOK FOR LOOK-ALIKE UMBRELLA TO RESTAURANT CHAIR.

EXTENSION TO KEEP FRIENDS SHOULDER FROM SETTING NET

TAKE MY TIP BUDDY-BET ON SHOESHINE BOY IN THE NEXT RACE!

...I'LL ACCEPT YOUR ADVICE STRANGER- YOU SEEM TO BE IN THE KNOW!

SHOESHINE BOY WINS!

AM VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU - MY NAME IS OLIVER BOYSFORD - MASTER OF THE HUNT CLUB.

MY SISTER WOULD LOVE TO GET IN YOUR SET!

SAY, OLIVER, LALA'S ALWAYS WANTED THINE A FOX HUNT AT HER ESTATE - THE CLUB COULD DO STRANGE IT?

YES - SAY TOMORROW AT SURPRISE!

WON'T LALA BE SURPRISED WHEN THAT SHIMPY TRAILING CROWD RIDES UP ALL DRESSED IN THEIR RED COATS?

MASTER BOYSFORD! THANKS, SENT THIS FOX FOR THE HUNT - CARE OF THE DOGS WILL BRING THE LITTLE SUN!

HE LOOKS CRAMPED IN HIS CAGE - I'LL LET HIM LOOSE IN THE BATH ROOM SO HE CAN STRETCH HIS BACK!

TOH! TOH! BABE IS SO CARELESS - LEAVING MY FOX FUR LING AROUND!

AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE HUNT!

LALA PALOOZA

FOLKS, LET ME PRESENT MY STAND-UP-LIVING DEVICE—THE MOVEMENT OF THE DEN MAKES BRUSH SPARK STAND-ALONE—HE CRIES AND MUSTERS THE STAIRS WITH TEARS!



More of Lala Palooza in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.

CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD



LOSING NO TIME THE THREE MEN DRIVE TO 30 MILLCROFT- JANE THE HOME OF THE GILLINGHAMS



THEY ENTER THE GILLINGHAM LIBRARY AND...





THAT NIGHT WHEN CAPTAIN COOK IS SLEEPING A STEALTHY SILENT FIGURE ENTERS HIS ROOM - THE LIGHT-SLEEPING COOK STIRS AND WAITS.



THE INTRUDER MOVES TOWARD COOK - BUT THE CAPTAIN IS AWAKE. SLOWLY THE DETECTIVE REACHES FOR A PISTOL KEPT UNDER HIS PILLOW.



IN A FLASH COOK SPRINGS FROM BED - SNAPS ON THE LIGHTS - HE FIRES - THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR IS OUT OF THE WINDOW!



LIGHTNING DOESN'T STRIKE TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE - AT EIGHT O'CLOCK NEXT MORNING THE TELEPHONE RINGS.



IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT COOK PRESENTS HIMSELF AT THE GILLINGHAM HOME - THE CHIEF WEATHERBY AND BRADFORD ARE THERE.



BRADFORD YOU KNOW WHERE THE HINDU DOCTOR LIVES, DON'T YOU?



A MAD DASH THROUGH LONDON'S STREETS - A RACE AGAINST TIME - AGAINST DEATH!



AT 64 HOYT ST. - SLIPPING FROM THE CART THE MEN LOSE NO TIME REACHING THE DOOR OF DR. GHANAI.





NOBODY HERE—TO THE CELLAR, QUICK!



JOHN, THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!

ARTHUR, WAS SOMETHING HAPPENED?

GENTLEMEN, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

DOCTOR GYMAN?



YOU AND JOHN WAIT HERE FOR THREE MEN WEARING SMOCKED GLASSES—WHATEVER HAPPENS HOLD YOUR GROUND! WE'LL HIDE IN THE TOOL ROOM!

YES, BUT WHY?



I THOUGHT DR. GYMAN WAS THE MURDERER, CAPTAIN! WHAT'S THE DEAL?

NO CHIEF WERE WAITING FOR THREE MEN! OUR WHOLE CASE DEPENDS ON LETTING THEM GET WITHIN AN INCH OF JOHN GILLINGHAM!

A HALF HOUR LATER—THEN A FEW MOMENTS MORE—THREE MEN APPROACH—JOHN AND THE DOCTOR—ONE CARRIES A SILK SCARF!



THEY ARE ABOUT TO KILL JOHN GILLINGHAM—COOK DARTS FROM THE TOOL ROOM AND—



STOP! ALL OF YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF THE EARL OF GILLINGHAM AND HIS SON SYDNEY! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

TAKING A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS POCKET, COOK REMOVES MAKE-UP FROM THE FACE OF ONE CAPTIVE—

INCREDIBLE! THESE, RIGHT! AND WHAT'S MORE THEY ARE THE BRISTON BROTHERS—HERS MEANT TO Wipe OUT THE GILLINGHAM FAMILY TO GAIN THAT TITLE THE BLACKSHEEP OF ROYALTY!



THEY POSED AS LINDS—BUT THEIR EYES ARE BLUE—HENCE THE DARK GLASSES. THEY USED THE HINDU CURSE LEGEND THE HINDU DEATH STRANGLE ALL TO ELUDE US CHIEF! I KNEW THIS CASE WAS DEEP AND CHECKED LAST NIGHT ON EVERYONE WHO HAS CALLED FREQUENTLY ON THE GILLINGHAMS, FOR SEVERAL REASONS. THIS WAS AN CONCLIS—



THE BRISTON FAMILY WAS NEXT IN LINE FOR THE GILLINGHAM TITLE—BUT NONE OF THEM WILL EVER BE AN EARL NOW!

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



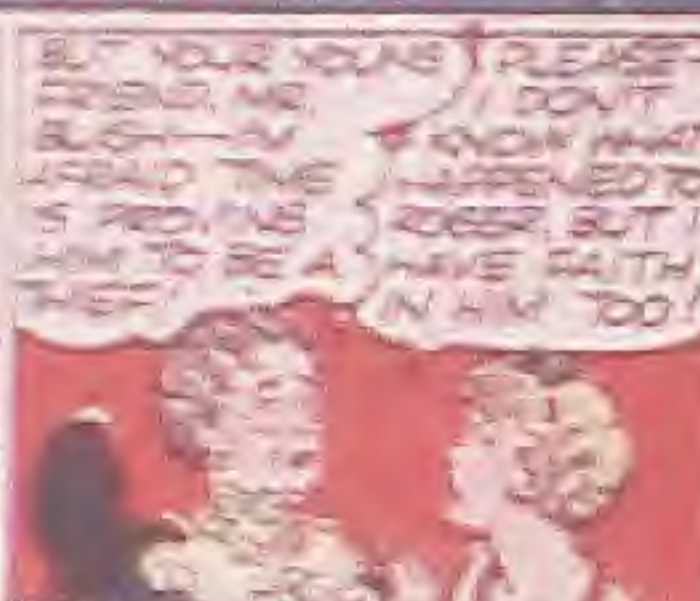
More of Dixie Dugan in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.

SLIM TUBBY

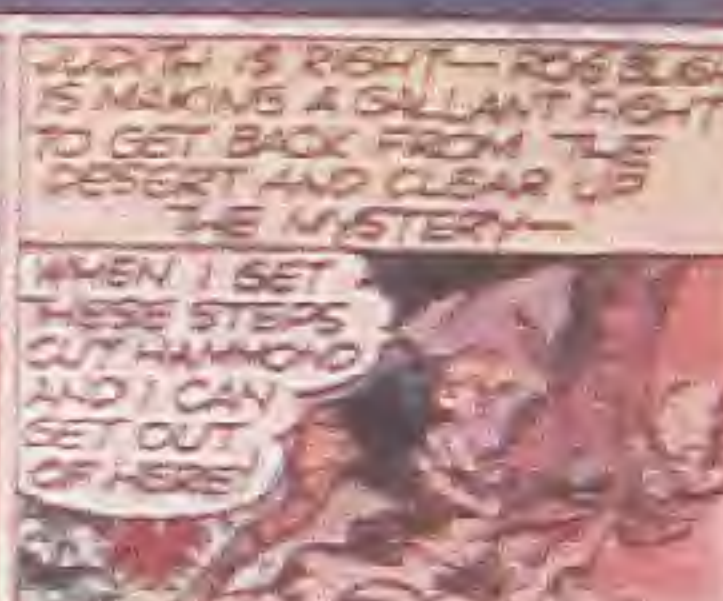
JOHN L. WATSON



MY POOR JUDITH! DON'T WORRY! I'LL SURELY GET MY BROTHER'S MONEY BACK FOR YOU!



BUT YOUR MOUNTAIN PLEASE— I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ROGER, BUT I HAVE FAITH IN HIM TOO!



JUDITH IS RIGHT—ROGER BLUSH IS MAKING A GALLANT FIGHT TO GET BACK FROM THE DESERT AND CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY—

WHEN I GET THESE STEPS CUT HAMMOND AND I CAN SET OUT OF HERE!



SEE HAMMOND? THE WAY IS OPEN FOR US NOW— WHEN DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?



THE YOUNG FOOL I'VE RECOVERED COMPLETELY— AND HE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED!



THIS IS AS GOOD A NIGHT AS ANY— I'LL TAKE THE STOLEN MONEY AND BE MILES AWAY WHEN HE WAKES UP!



MY BRAINS AS SHARP AS EVER! ONLY HAMMOND COULD HAVE EVER THOUGHT OF THIS SCHEME!



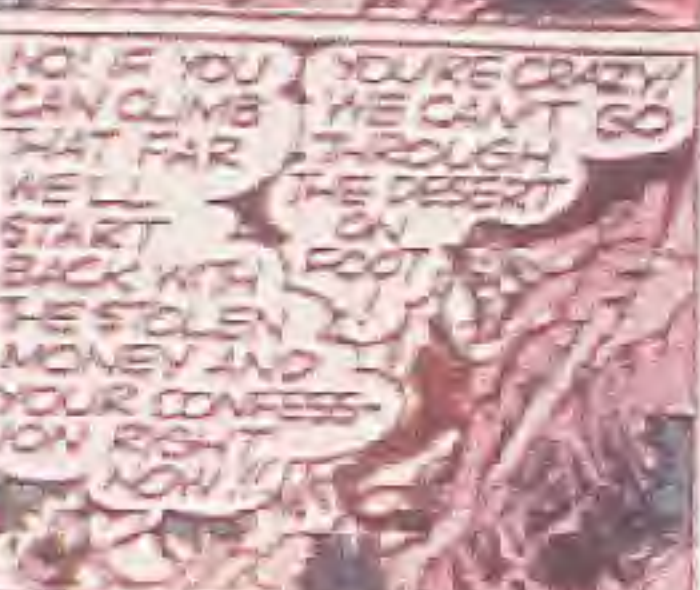
NICE OF YOUNG BLUSH TO CUT THESE STEPS FOR ME! I'LL STILL GET FREE TO ENJOY MRS. BOTT'S MONEY!



W-HAAT--?? STOP, HAMMOND!!! YOU'RE COVERED!



SO YOU WERE JUST ACTING THE INVALID, HAMMOND! YOU NEARLY MADE IT, BUT MY HEARING IS VERY KEEN!



NO! IF YOU CAN CLIMB THAT FAR WE'LL START BACK WITH THE STOLEN MONEY AND YOUR CONFES-SION RIGHT NOW!!



WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! I'LL SEND BACK FOR THE HORSES LATER!!

IT'S THE DRY SEASON!— WE'RE JUST MARCHING TO DEATH!!



I TOLD YOU THIS WAS SUICIDE!! LOOK—OUR WATER IS NEARLY GONE!



BUT BACK AT THE RANCH— HELISE, THINKING HAMMOND IS IN NEW YORK WITH THE STOLEN MONEY, GROWS IMPATIENT TO JOIN HIM—



AGAIN HELISE VISITS THE SHERIFF—THE LAST TIME SHE DID THIS IT MEANT TROUBLE FOR THE BENTONS—NOW WHAT?

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY— AND I HAVE A GOOD PLAN!

SLIM TUBBY

Continued



CONTINUED

Slim and Tubby is continued in the June issue--on sale April 28th.

THE MYSTERY OF ECHO ISLAND

By John A. Thorne

CHAPTER 1—MAN OF IRON

"Cue, Tommy, I'm worried about Dad," muttered Rusty Dalton. "We haven't heard from him since he left for Echo Island, almost two weeks ago."

Tommy Walters frowned. "Guess all inventors are a bit queer," he said.

Rusty's eyes flashed. "Mebbe!" he snapped curtly.

The chums were seated on the Dalton front porch. Shavings fairly covered the ground and the worn blades of their glistering new "secret knives" never paused an instant.

"Mebbe your Dad is having trouble with his mechanical man," suggested Tommy.

Rusty shook his head. "Dad finished the robot and it works perfectly. Right now he's working on a new air-bomb. Dad'll tell anyone," he added quickly.

"A bomb!" ejaculated Tommy.

"Uh-huh!" Rusty's chest thrust out the buttons of his shirt. He was proud of his Dad's success as an inventor.

Tommy stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Listen, Rusty," he said suddenly "let's take the canoe and go up to the island!"

Rusty's eyes sparkled at the suggestion. "I'd sure like to know that Dad is all right," he said. "Het," and his face grew sober. "I've never been to the island."

Tommy scowled. "Afraid?" he taunted.

Rusty ran nervous fingers through his shock of red hair.

"Okay, smart guy! I'll go!" he snapped. "But it will be dark before we get there."

"What of it?" retorted Tommy. "Come on!" and he led the way down the steep hill to the Dalton backwoods.

Dusk was settling over the river, when they "hove-to" a short distance off Echo Island. They rested on their paddles and studied the eerie isle with critical eyes.

Tall trees stabbed the darkening sky. Weird shadows played in the thicket. A dismal stone mansion stood on a hill, near the center of the island, but no sign of life, not a sound, broke the quiet. The very stillness seemed charged with peril.

Tommy shuddered. "Sure is spooky," he whispered.

Rusty nodded and guided the prow of the canoe toward a small beach. They landed near a large boulder and slumped breathlessly to the ground. Suddenly, the distant thud of heavy footsteps banished the stillness. Rusty's heart leaped and he gripped Tommy's arm tightly.

"Someone's comin'!" he gasped.

"M-m-must be a giant!" stammered Tommy.

Rusty nodded and his eyes searched the night. "LOOK! LOOK, TOMMY!" He pointed to the west shore of the island.

Tommy turned and saw two fiery red lights advancing along the shore. "Who—what is it?" he gasped, his face ashen.

"I—I don't know but it's comin' this way," Rusty fought desperately to conceal the quiver in his voice. "Quick! Down behind this rock!" he ordered, as "The Thing" drew near.

"Boom, boom! Boom, boom!" The ever faltering thud was maddening. The very ground quivered beneath each impact, as the monster thundered past.

"Golly! Did you see the size of it?" panted Rusty.

Tommy nodded. "Orches it was ten feet tall" he whispered. "And those eyes! He-ry," he shuddered.

"Just like the light on a car, only red," replied Rusty. "Well, it's gone!" He sighed with relief. "Let's start for the house!"

"Okay! But stay far away from that thing," replied Tommy gingerly.

Rusty led the way up the embankment. A wide path skirted the shore but he cut off through the underbrush and climbed the hill. A short distance from the house, he came to a sudden halt and his eyes became fixed on the north shore of the island.

"Look! The Thing again!" he gasped. "It—it's making a complete trip around the shore."

"Tch-h!" faltered Tommy weakly.

Rusty's gaze shifted to the ancient mansion and a blank look spread over his face. "Funny!" he mused aloud. "There's no doors an' no windows. Let's go to the front!"

They crossed the clearing and stood before the weird house. No sign of door or window met their searching eyes. Only a solid barrier of stone.

"Must be a secret entrance in these bushes somewhere, Tommy," said Rusty, in a hushed voice.

"We crossed a path down the hill ways. Mebbe it leads—"

"Come on! We'll find out where it leads to," cut in Rusty. He retraced his steps down the hill and they moved along the path in a tense quiet. Suddenly, Rusty halted and a happy smile parted his lips. He pointed to a gaping hole near a clump of brush.

"Gee! A tunnel!" exclaimed Tommy. "If ya think it leads into the house?"

Rusty nodded. "An' we're goin' in there," he said grimly. "Here! Hold my hand an' be careful," he added, advancing slowly.

"Golly! It's a big tunnel," whispered Tommy. "I—I can't reach the wall."

Rusty groped about in the inky blackness and his outstretched hand came into contact with damp rock. "I've got it!" he murmured. "Come on!"

It was slow work feeling their way along the ghostly passage. Rusty panned often to Eaten but no sound came to his ears. They turned a bend in the tunnel and he stopped short. Just ahead, a shaft of light stabbed the darkness and the low rumble of deep voices drifted along the passageway. Rusty's heart faltered but he crept forward and peered into a huge, dimly lighted chamber.

Two men were seated at a table and their eyes were fixed upon a silver screen. A panorama of trees, rocks and an occasional view of the river, paraded across the screen constantly. A faint whirring sound filled the chamber and Rusty wondered at it all. He studied the men closely and a chill trickled down his spine. They were both foreigners. Rusty knew that immediately. One was short and swarthy. The other was dark, too, but his nose was sharp and hawk-like; his eyes small and glittering.

"It's a wonderful invention, Taro," said the short man.

Taro smiled and fingered the row of buttons on a panel before him. "Taken," he said, "with the iron man and Dalton's radio controlled air-bomb, we shall be masters of the world."

Taken nodded and pointed to the screen. "The man of iron sees all and tells us at once. Should an enemy cross his path, we press this little button and poof—"

Taro nodded. He turned a dial and watched the screen anxiously. "Ah! The iron man comes home now! See?" he said.

"Yes," said Taken. "But this inventor! He's a stubborn fool. Shall we—"

"Mr. Dalton will soon part with the secret control of his bomb," snarled Taro.

Rusty stepped back into the shadows and his heart thudded madly in his ears. His father was a prisoner! The thought raved through Rusty's mind repeatedly and brought silent tears to his eyes.

"We gotta get help," whispered Tommy suddenly.

Rusty nodded and wheeled toward the entrance of the cave. They rounded the bend in the tunnel and came to a sudden halt. Two gleaming red eyes were advancing slowly along the passage.

"It—it's 'The Thing!'" gasped Tommy.

Rusty's blood ran cold. He thought of the man in the chamber and his knees suddenly felt weak, useless. "Trapped!" he groaned bitterly. Then his eyes were suddenly defiant. "Back up against the wall, Tommy," he ordered, when the monster was barely a yard away.

"Look, Taro! Boys! In the tunnel!"

and!" The cry came from the chamber and a sob of despair burst from Rusty's lips. He looked at "The Thing" with wide terror-stricken eyes and his blood curdled.

Bearing down on them relentlessly was a huge man of iron. The giant body filled the tunnel; the huge jaws were wide apart in what seemed to be a Swedish grin. The beam from the glaring eyes probed every nook and crevice of the tunnel.

Rusty wanted to run as fast as his legs would carry him. He wanted to scream out in terror. But instead he crouched like one in a trench and watched the monster move forward, always forward.

Suddenly a thin white cloud belched from the monster's enormous chest. Rusty clutched at his throat and his eyes were suddenly alive. He looked at Tommy and, as a whirling mist, saw his chest sway and topple to the floor in a heap. Then darkness settled all about him. Darkness and a wonderful peace.

Continued in the June issue of
FEATURE COMICS
—on sale April 15th.



GALLANT KNIGHT

SIR NEVILLE, BATTLE-SCARRED, FIGHTING HIS WAY FREE OF THE INFIDEL MOORS, ESCAPES CAPTURE AND CERTAIN DEATH BY SWIMMING SEAWARD TOWARD AN APPROACHING SHIP.

SEEST THOU, TEMPLAR, A MAN IN THE SEA—SWIMMING TOWARD US!

By VERNON HENKEL

THE BOAT SWINGS AROUND, AND FRIENDLY HANDS REACH TO RESCUE HIM.

SIR NEVILLE OF ENGLAND—!

HE HAS COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION! BRING DRY CLOTHES AND BANDAGES!

YES, UNCLE, AT ONCE!

WITH WARM BANDAGES AND REST, SIR NEVILLE OPENED HIS EYES TO STARE BEHOLDERS INTO THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

YOU MUST REST, SIR KNIGHT. WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS!

GREAT MUST HAVE BEEN
YOUR MISFORTUNE AS WELL
AS OURS, SIR KNIGHT!

MY FRIENDS
CALL ME
NEVILLE



WELL MET! I AM SIR RAYMOND,
KNIGHT OF THE HOLY ORDER OF
THE TEMPLE, RETURNING FROM
CYPRUS WITH MY NIECE, THE
LADY ALICE.



SAIL HO!!
A MILE OFF
STARBOARD
BOW!



I SEE THEM NOW - THREE
VESSELS OF LATEEN RIG!
DHOWS, SIR RAYMOND!



BY HEAVENS THEY ARE!
ARAB DHOWS! PROBABLY
SWARMING WITH CUT-THROATS!



ALL HANDS ON DECK! GET
READY FOR BATTLE - BREAK
OUT THE OARS!



A FUTILE ATTEMPT WAS MADE
TO OUT-DISTANCE THE ENEMY
FLEET, BUT THE ARABS SHIFTLY
OVERTAKE THEM.



HAIL! LA ILAH
IL ALLAH!!



WITH DECK CLEARED AND SWORD
IN HAND, THE CHRISTIANS GRIMLY
AWAITED CERTAIN DOOM.



THEY ARE COMING
IN ON ALL SIDES -
ARCHERS TO THE
FORE!

A RAIN OF ARROWS FILLED THE AIR, AND NEVILLE'S BOY TOOK ITS TOLL OF THE ENEMY



BUT THE SPEEDING SHIFTS DID NOT HALT THE SOUTH-ARMORED Foe



THEY ARE BOARDING US ! STRIKE THEM DOWN WITH YOUR SWORDS !



THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS PUT UP A DESPERATE FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS.



SIR RAYMOND FALLS UNDER THE HEAVY BLOW OF A SCIMITAR, AND HIS FOLLOWERS, SICKENED BY THEIR LOSSES WERE QUICKLY SUBDUED.



DON'T LET THEM TOUCH ME !



THE FRIGHTENED ALICE RUSHED TO THE SIDE OF SIR NEVILLE

AH ! A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN TO DECORATE MY HAREM - ALLAH HAS BEEN KIND TO ME !



LOAD THE PRISONERS ABOARD MY SHIPS - THEY SHALL BRING A FAIR PRICE IN THE SLAVE MARKETS OF ASOIR !



THUS, THE SMALL BAND OF SURVIVORS ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE DHOWS AND HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA

HOURS LATER IN THE HOLD —

A STORM MUST
BE STRIKING!



THE VESSELS SEPARATE UNDER
A TERRIFIC GALE THAT TOSSES
THEM ABOUT LIKE DRIFT WOOD



THE SEAS ARE SWALLOWING
US UP, O MASTER — WE
ARE DOOMED!



THE SHIP IS BREAKING
APART! EVERYONE
LOOK TO THYSELF!



A HUGE WAVE SMASHES INTO THE
HULK AND HURLS THE STRUGGLING
MEN INTO THE OCEAN.



THE
MAID
ALICE!



THROUGHOUT THE LONG NIGHT SIR
NEVILLE AND THE RESCUED GIRL
WERE BATTERED BY THE TURBU-
LENT SEA.



—AND IN THE MORNING

LAND!



WEAKENED ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE
THE PAIR STRUGGLES SHOREWARD,
TO DROP ON THE SANDY BEACH



VERNON
HOBBS

Callant Knight is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS — on sale April 28th.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

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IF YOU CAN HOLD THE ALUMNI THIS
TONE, WE'VE
GOT B.A.
BUD!

THEY
HAIN'T MADE
A HIT OR A RUN
HAVE THEY? I'LL
HAVE THE FANS
WHEN THEY HADN'T
DOCKED THIS
GAME!



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DERRY

HERE IT IS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT PREVIEW OF CARTER'S 1937 HOUSKIN MAGAZINE—THE SPRING FOOTBALL SHOW!



LOOK AT 'EM STARE AT ME, NED—I STAND OUT LIKE A BASS DRUM AT A VIOLIN RECITAL!

DID YOU AUTOGRAPH THE WALNUT FOR THAT SQUIRREL, BOO?



YOU CAN GET AN IDEA OF HOW CARTER EXPECTS TO GAIN YARDS NEXT FALL BY WATCHING THIS EXHIBITION OF FORWARD BODING BY NED BRANT.



STRIKE TWO!

SAY! I'LL BET HE COULD KNOCK A CROWD OFF A LAP AT THIRTY YARDS!



DON'T LEAVE, FOLKS—IT GETS BETTER AS IT GOES ALONG—AND I DO MY STUFF LAST!



AND THAT WAS NED BRANT THROWING HIS THIRD SUCCESSIVE STRIKE WHILE ON THE DEAD RUN—NOW FOR THE BIG FEATURE OF THE SHOW!



TUCK YOUR CURLS UNDER YOUR HELMET, HORTENSE!

NIGHTY INTERESTING NECK, YOU HAVE THERE BLUDGON—GREAT PLACE TO DIG FOR ARROWHEADS?



COACH, AFTER THIS GAME I'M TURNING OVER TO YOU TWO OF THE GREATEST FRESHMAN PROSPECTS I'VE EVER SEEN—

MOST OF THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE TO SEE IF THE VARSITY CAN STOP USO AND BOO SHOTGUN.



All eyes are on the two freshman sensations, Ned Brant and Bud Shalek. Will they show they're ready for big time competition next fall? The varsity coaches. There's the bell!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. TAYLOR

FOR A LIGHT EXERCISE, JUST TO KEEP THE BLOOD IN CIRCULATION, I'LL KEEP THIS FRESHMAN TEAM FROM GOING HOME!

WHERE THE HECK'S THE INTERFERENCE?

FOURTH DOWN-FOUR YARDS TO GO!

MIGHT AS WELL BE FOUR MILES, I'M THINKING!

DON'T TRY TO THINK, JOO-HEAD - YOU'LL HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!



THIS SHOULD BE THE HIGH POINT IN CARTER'S SPRING FOOTBALL SHOW, FOLKS - CAN THE FRESHMEN, WHO HAVE HELD THE VARSITY SCORELESS, CROSS THE VETERAN'S GOAL?

WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' RATTLE-DIDDLE - IT STARTS OUT LIKE THE LINE SMASH WE'VE BEEN USING -

AND WINDS UP WITH MY GRABBING A PASS AS THE FANGS GO WILD!



No, I rectifies the ball from center and takes a smash off right tackle. He slips ball to Bud Shokal. Shokal takes a reverse off left tackle and slips the ball to Ned Brant, who swings wide at his right end, posing to Shokal if he's hemmed in by tackles.



NED-SHOOT THAT BALL-YOU DUMMY!

HEH, WE'VE BEEN TRICKED-NEATLY AND COMPLETELY!



WE WIN, NED! THE FINAL GUN AND THE BEWILDERED VARSITY BACKFIELD EXPLODED AT THE SAME TIME!

And a hand touched Brant as the entire varsity team was decamped away from the play.



LISTEN, YOU BIG GRANDSTANDER - YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO PASS THAT BALL TO ME!

BUT YOU WERE COVERED, DUD, AND I HAD A CLEAR PATH!

PIPE DOWN, CREEKLES - YOU KNOW NED DID THE SMART THING!



OKAY, IF IT'S GOING TO BE EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF NEXT FALL, I'LL GIVE YOU A ONE-MAN SHOW YOU WON'T FORGET!



Ned Brant is continued in the June issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale April 28th.

Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH



IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE MANNERS ESTATE WE FIND MR. MANNERS TELLING DICK ABOUT AN OLD FRIEND, A WELL KNOWN MYSTERY STORY WRITER----

SAY DICK, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT FRIEND OF MINE, MR. GOETZ?

DO YOU HEAR THE FELLOW WHO WRITES THE DETECTIVE STORIES?



YES-- THAT'S HE-- WELL HE'S DECIDED TO RENT A LITTLE HOUSE UP- STATE TO OBTAIN SOME ATMOSPHERE FOR HIS PRESENT STORY--

SOUNDS LIKE A SENSIBLE IDEA DOESN'T IT, DAD?



THE NEXT DAY ON HIS WAY DOWN TOWN DICK MEETS THE WRITER, GOETZ--

WELL WELL-- IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR!

HELLO DICK, HOW'VE YOU BEEN?



AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED-- SAY, I HEAR THAT YOU'VE RENTED A HOUSE TO HELP STIMULATE YOUR CREATIVE POWERS ON YOUR PRESENT STORY--

YES, I SEE THAT YOUR DAD TOLD YOU ABOUT MY LITTLE PLAN--



IT'S A SMALL HOUSE TO WHICH MANY GOSSIPS HAVE ATTACHED FANTASTIC LEGENDS THAT EXCITE THE IMAGINATION--

OF COURSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE THOSE WILD TALES DO YOU?



THE STORIES ARE THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES MY MAIN WORRY IS THAT I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY COMPLETED STORY AT THE PUBLISHERS AT 8 TOMORROW NIGHT

I GUESS YOU CAN FINISH IT BEFORE THEN-- I WISH YOU LUCK!



DRIVING FAST THROUGH A RAGING STORM THE DETERMINED MR. GOETZ IS NOW BUT A FEW MILES FROM HIS DESTINATION--



WHEW! I MADE IT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME--



GOSH-- THIS IS A CREEPY PLACE!



WELL, GUESS I'LL PUT IN A FEW HOURS ON THE STORY BEFORE I HIT THE HAY!





WITH A NEW RAY OF HOPE
GOETZ TIP TOES ACROSS
THE ROOM TOWARDS
THE SLEEPING GANGSTER



AND LIKE A FLASH HE
SNATCHES THE GUN
FROM THE TABLE--



AS THE WRITER GRABS
THE GUN JOE LEAPS
UP-- GOETZ EXCITEDLY
TRIPS OVER A CHAIR--



-- THE NOISE AROUSES
THE REST OF THE GANG--



GOETZ HITS JOE, BUT--



HE IS CLIPPED UNAWARES
BY ANOTHER OF THE MOB--



OKAY BOYS--LET'S RESUME
OUR SLUMBER--HE'S OUT
COLD!



NEXT MORNING-- MIRO
AWAKENS WITH A PLAN--

LISTEN CAESAR-- I WANT
YOU TO TAKE THIS WRITER
GUY TO THE VILLAGE AND
MAKE HIM "PASS" SOME
OF THIS STOLEN
MONEY--



ON THE WAY TO THE
VILLAGE GOETZ EVOLVES
A CLEVER SCHEME--



AT A STORE IN THE
VILLAGE CAESAR SENDS
GOETZ IN WITH SOME
MONEY--



AFTER ORDERING A
FEW ARTICLES GOETZ
HANDS THE STORE-
KEEPER A BILL--



WELL-- DID
YOU HAVE
ANY
TROUBLE?





BOYS! GIRLS! There's leather when it counts... and style in POLL-PARROT SHOES!

Insist on the shoes famous for wear and known for their modern style. You'll like Poll-Parrots... so will mother and dad.

HEY KIDS... Get Free Game

Give us your name, age, mother's name, address, where you live (State, City, Zip) and a "trial" game that's loads of fun.



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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

THE GREAT SPANISH REBELLION IN NOVA BEGAN BECAUSE RIFLE CARTRIDGES WERE GREASED! RELIGIOUS NATIVES CONSIDERED THEM "UNCLEAN" -1857-



MARK OF A COWARD
IN ANCIENT SPAIN, COWARDS WERE FORCED TO WEAR THEIR BEARDS AND HAIR SHAVED ON ONE SIDE ONLY AND TO COVER THEIR CLOTHES WITH BRIGHT-COLORED PATCHES!

by **JOHN HIX**



YOU TOO CAN MAKE MONEY AT HOME THIS EASY WAY!

JIM WANTED MONEY TO BUY A BICYCLE



HE SENT FOR THIS KIT AND SHINES HIS FAMILY'S SHOES EVERY DAY



NOW HE HAS HIS BIKE AND OTHER THINGS TOO



Home Shine Kit of brush, duster, wood polish, tin of Shinola Patent Polish, sent for coupon and 21¢

FELLOWS! It's a cinch to earn money at home with the handy Shinola Home Shine Kit! Your family will be glad to pay you for shining their shoes... and Shinola with the Kit makes shoe shining quick and easy. Why not get started right away... earn the money for that bike, or hat, or glove you want! Send in the coupon right now!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Hackett Products Corporation
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. FF 19
14 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT at once. I am enclosing 21¢ (in currency). The polish in my Kit should be BLACK or BROWN (Check which).

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.

DAN AND THE GANG GO TO BAT WITH GRIPS

FEATURING THE GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB - BY BEACON FALLS RUBBER FOOTWEAR



BOYS! DO YOU KNOW HOW TO ORGANIZE AN ATHLETIC CLUB?

PITCH AN INSHOOT? SHOOT A RUCK? PITCH A LEFT HAN? DROP A JOG? BLOCK UP A TACKLER?

COACH TELLS YOU ALL THESE THINGS AND A THOUSAND OTHERS IN "FLASH" (OFFICIAL GRIPS MAGAZINE). JOIN NOW!-- GET YOUR CLUB PIN!-- FLASH! BE A MEMBER.



SIZZLING SPEED. SPLIT-SECOND STOPS. COOL AS A BREEZE--that's what more than 75,000 G. A. C. members say about genuine Grips athletic shoes.

TRAINER Model designed by The HEAD COACH

HEAD COACH
GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB, Dept. A
Beacon Falls, Conn.
(This request doesn't cost me a cent!)

Dear Coach:
Send me complete information on how to join the Grips Athletic Club and become a Junior Champ.

NAME _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____
Give name of store where you buy your shoes _____

STATE _____

AGE _____

If you want extra speedy action, ask about Grips Athletic Club at the dealer who sells genuine Grips canvas shoes in your neighborhood.



DAD SAYS—
A COLUMBIA-BUILT
BIKE IS THE
BEST BUY OF ALL.

...BECAUSE
YOU GET MORE
OF EVERYTHING
THAT COUNTS!



You bet dad's right about getting more of everything that counts when you buy a Columbia-Built bicycle. Back of every one is more than 60 years' experience. Of learning how to build better bicycles—and developing better materials. But that isn't all by a long shot. The makers of the famous Columbia know how to give a bicycle the kind of good looks, snappy color combinations and special features that make folks say, "There goes a bike that's got everything!"

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A REAL LIGHTWEIGHT ANY BOY
CAN AFFORD!



You've never even seen a bike like the new Columbia-Built *streamlined* Lightweights! Pounds lighter than ordinary models—stripped for action and so easy riding you'll take the longest hike in your stride!



MAKE SURE
OF THE THRILL
NO OTHER BIKES
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Only Columbia Bicycles carry this grand old name-plate. Only Columbia-Built Bikes carry this exclusive seal on the front mudguard. Either one gives you the extra thrill of owning a bike everybody knows is tops . . . a bike built by the Makers of the Famous Columbia—America's finest bicycles for over 60 years.

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